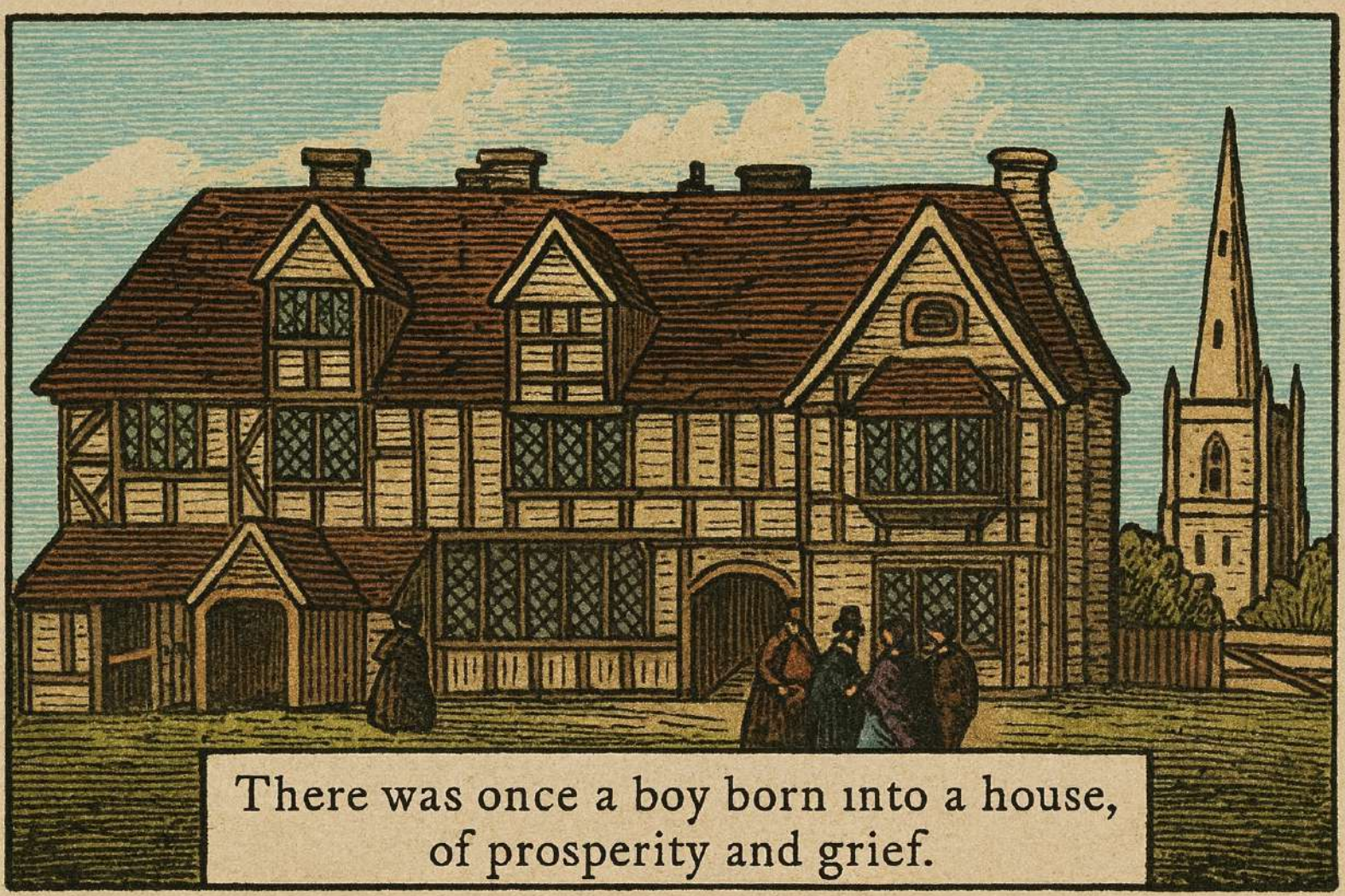
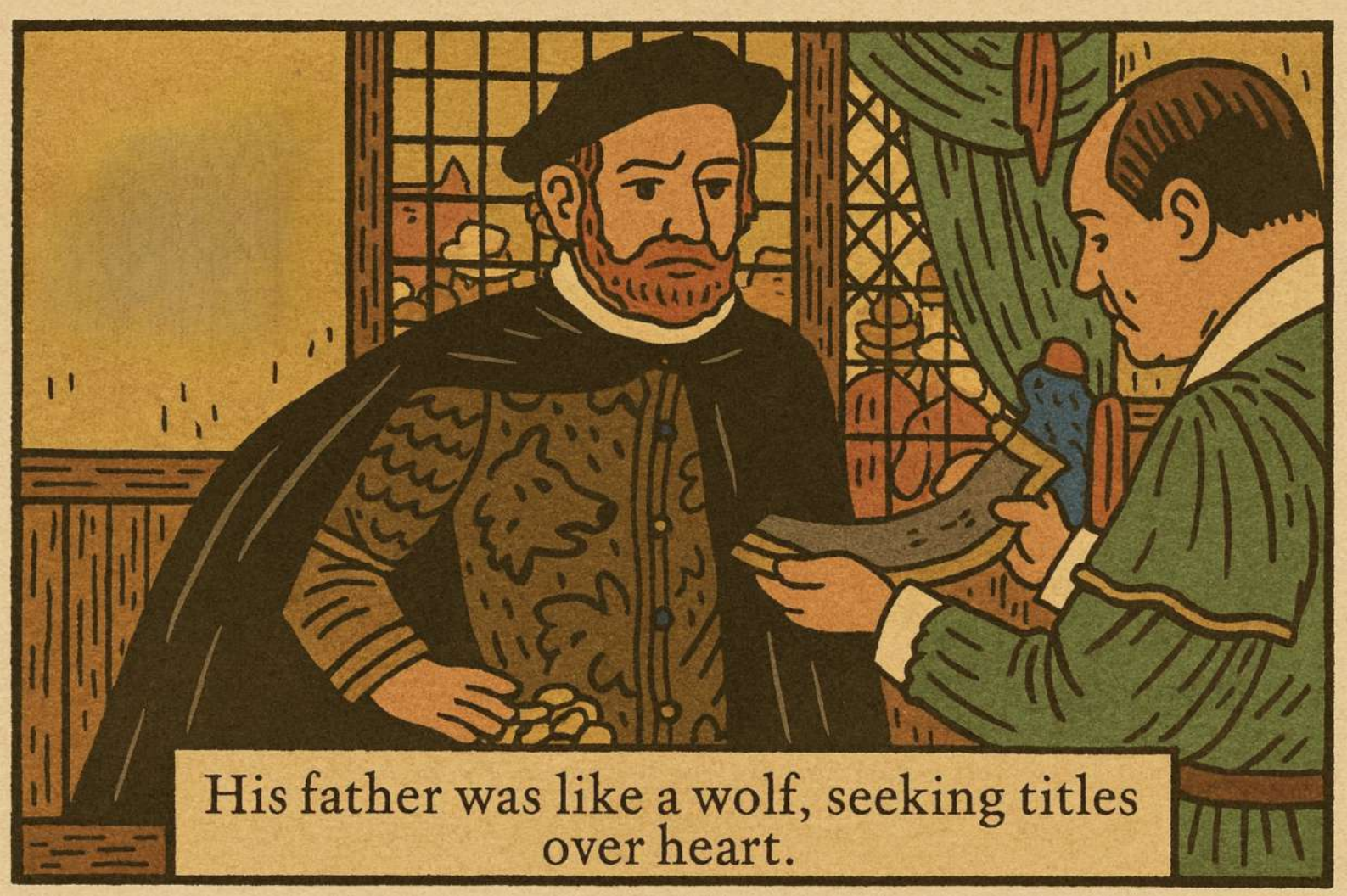
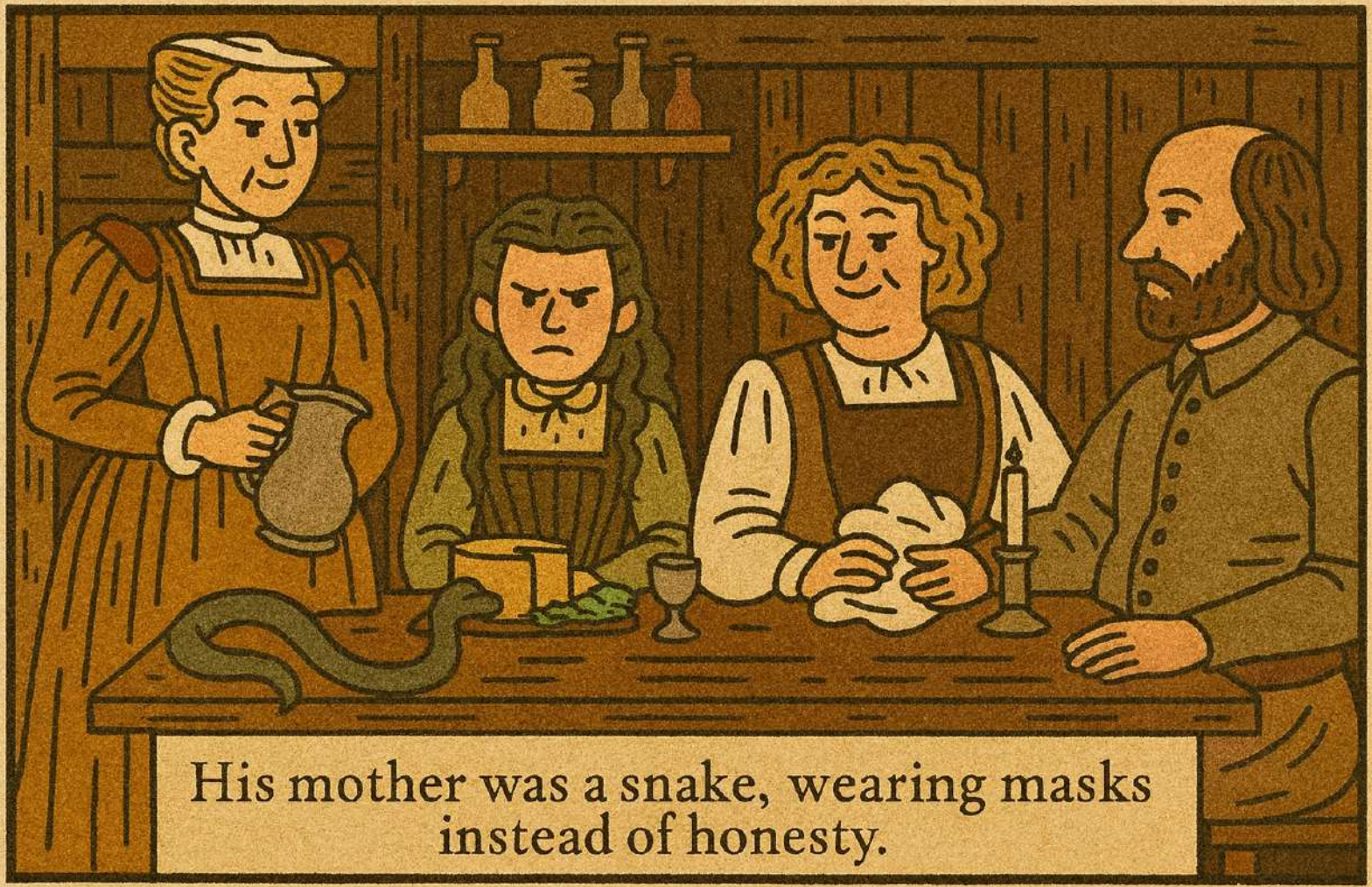
THE
MAD HATTER
DC

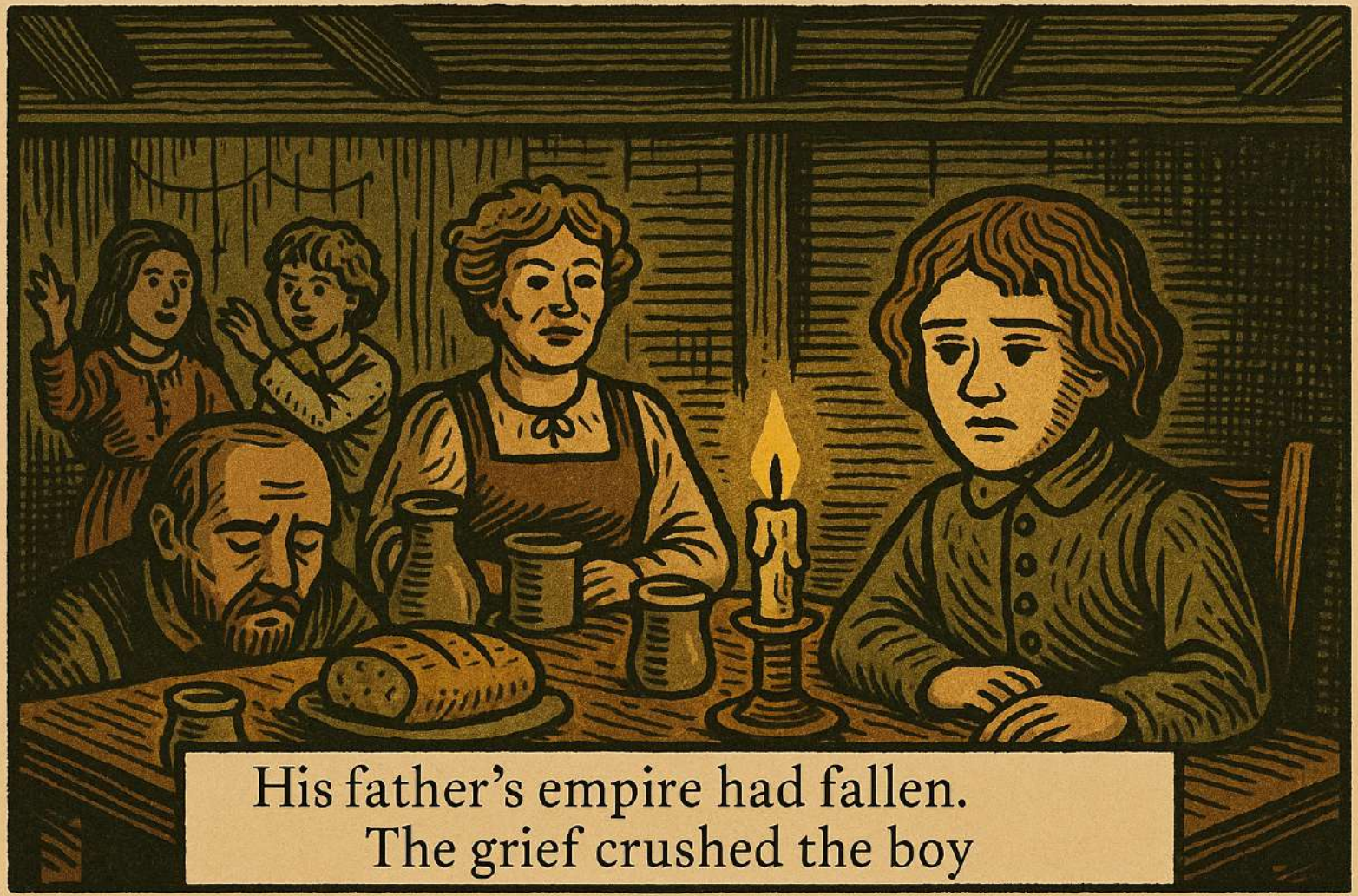

There was once a boy born into a house,
of prosperity and grief.


His father was like a wolf, seeking titles over heart.

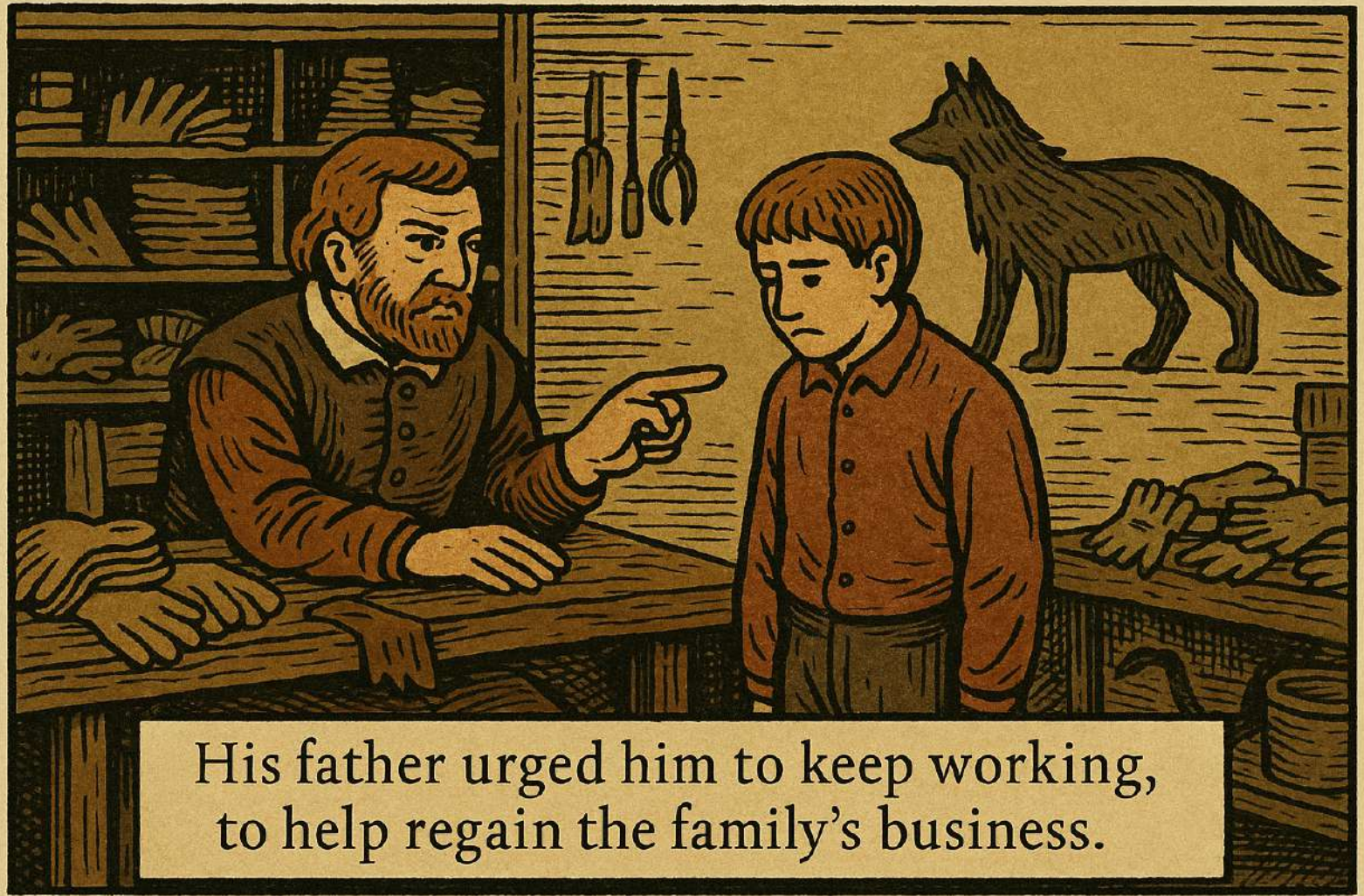

His mother was a snake, wearing masks instead of honesty.

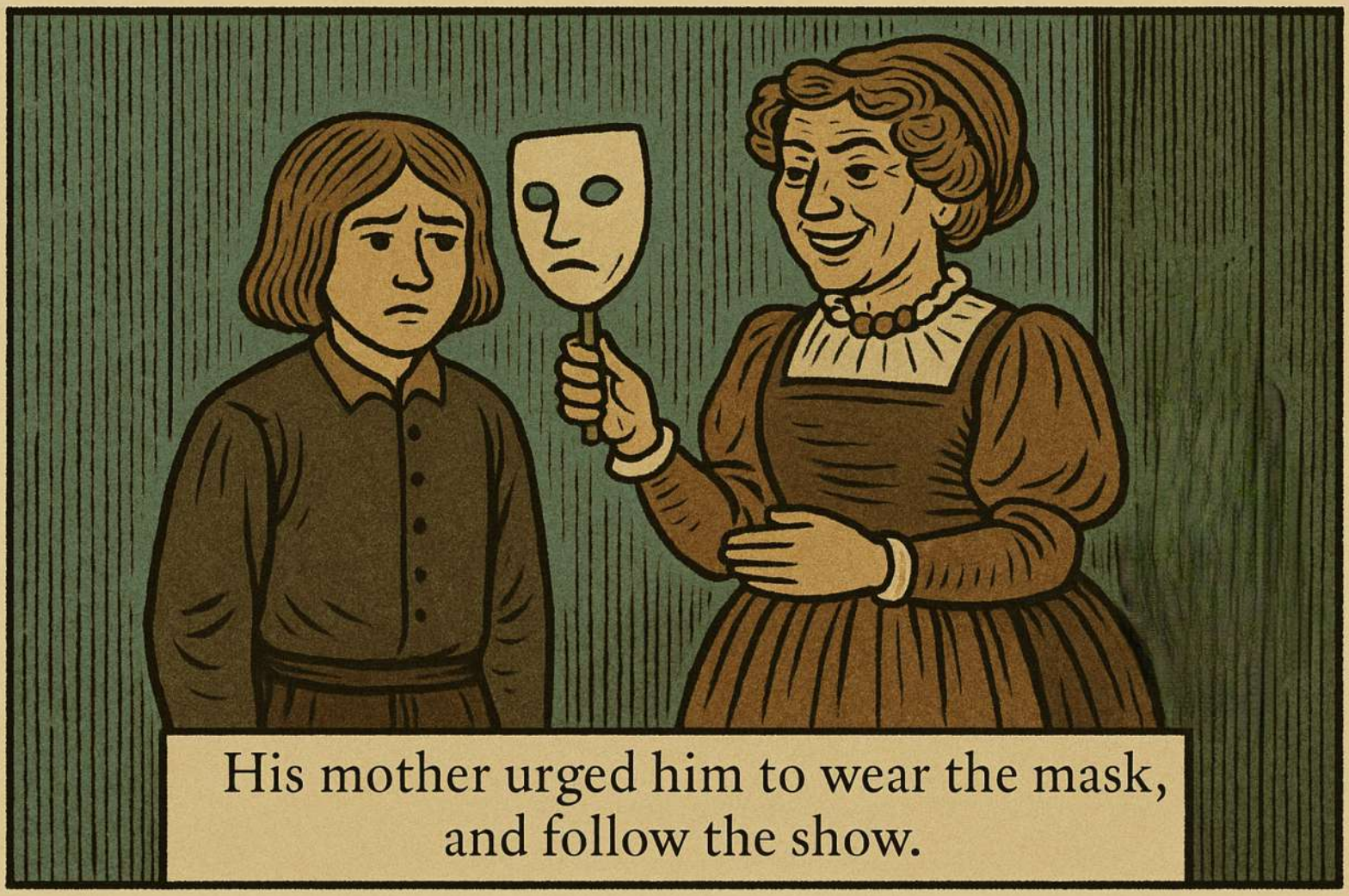
The children followed their parents' script, one by one.

deaths of many children mingled, but
no one was ashamed.

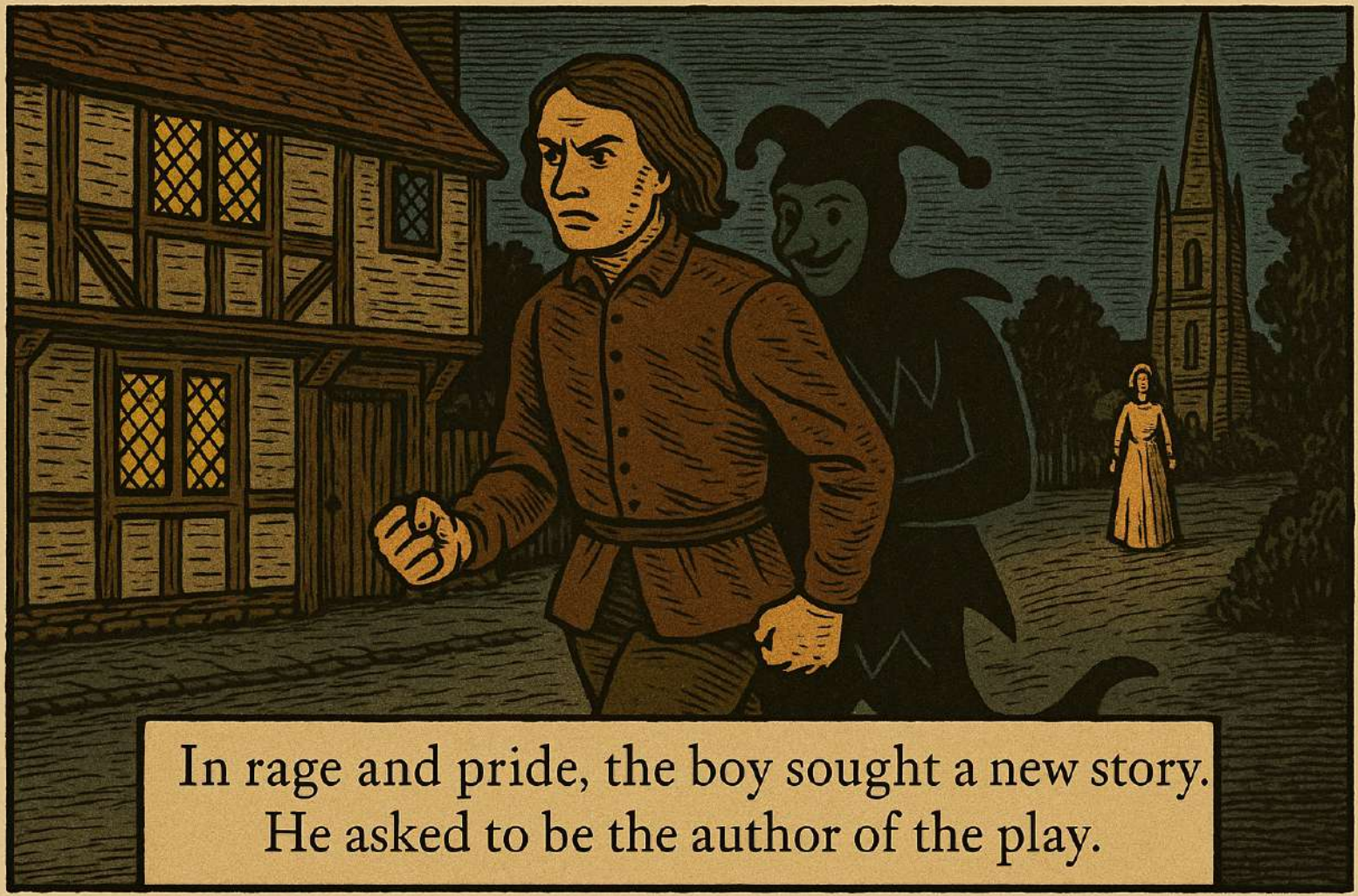

His father's empire had fallen.
The grief crushed the boy

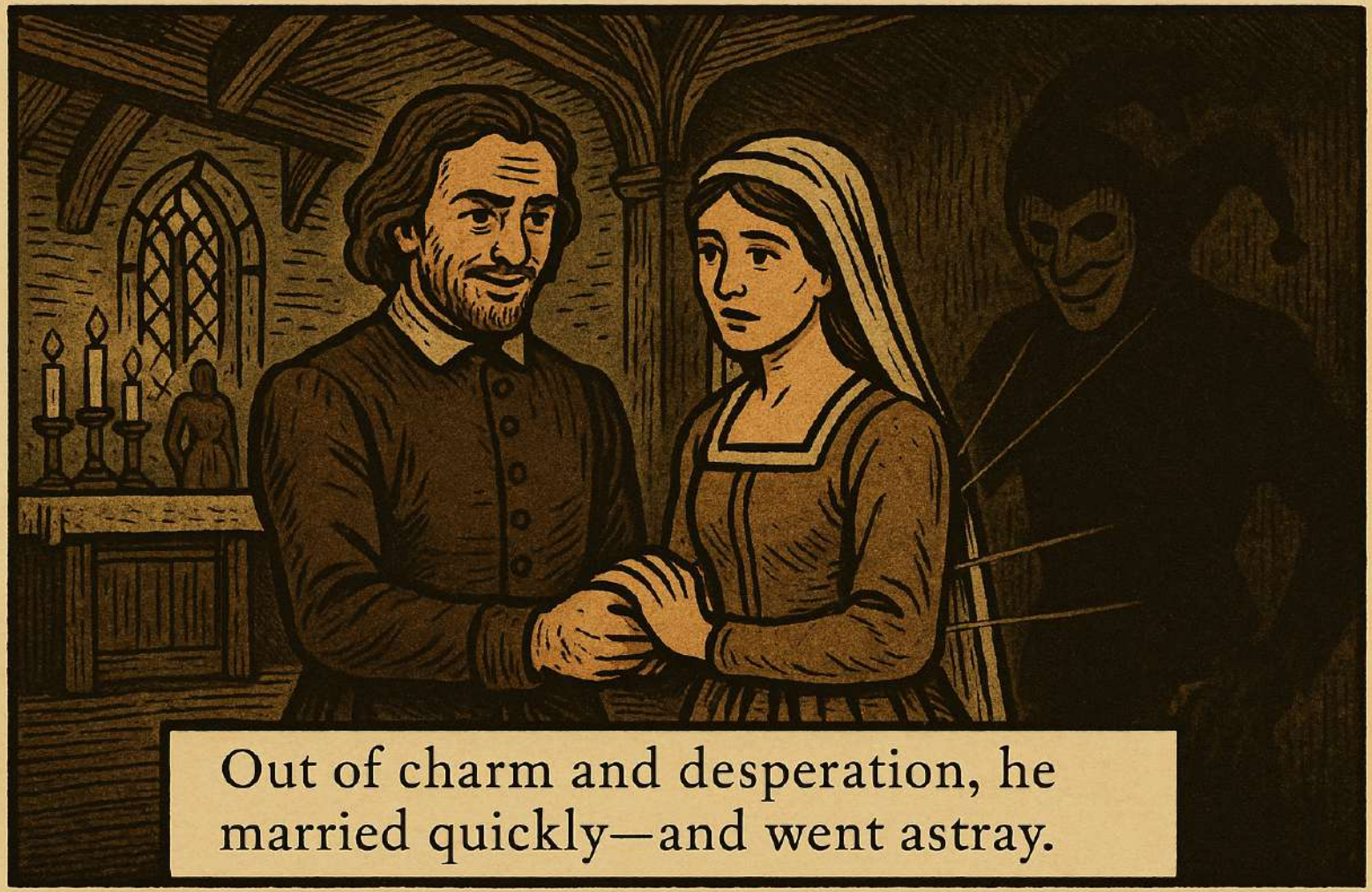
...then he felt the truth:
the world was just one big play.

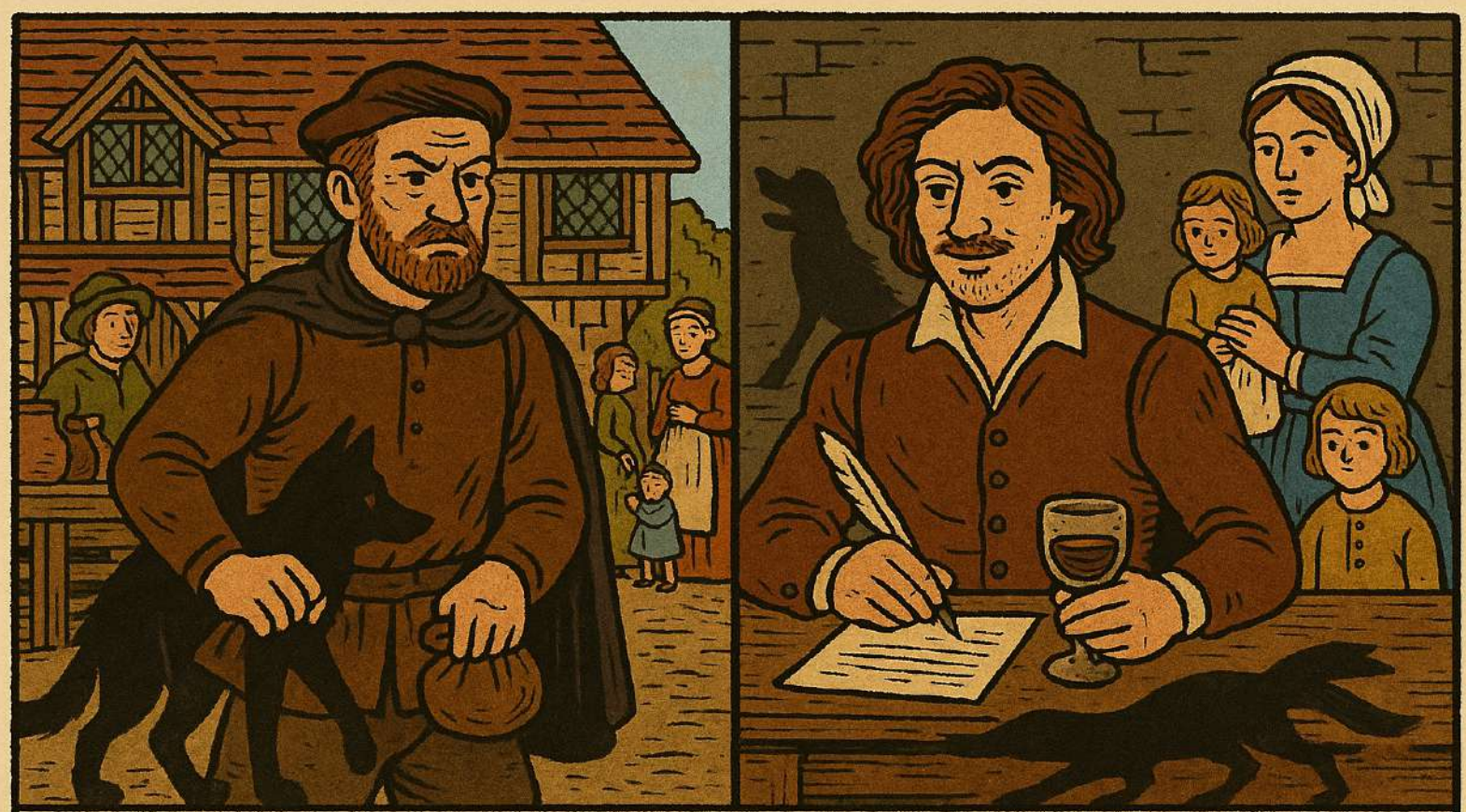

His father urged him to keep working,
to help regain the family's business.


His mother urged him to wear the mask,
and follow the show.

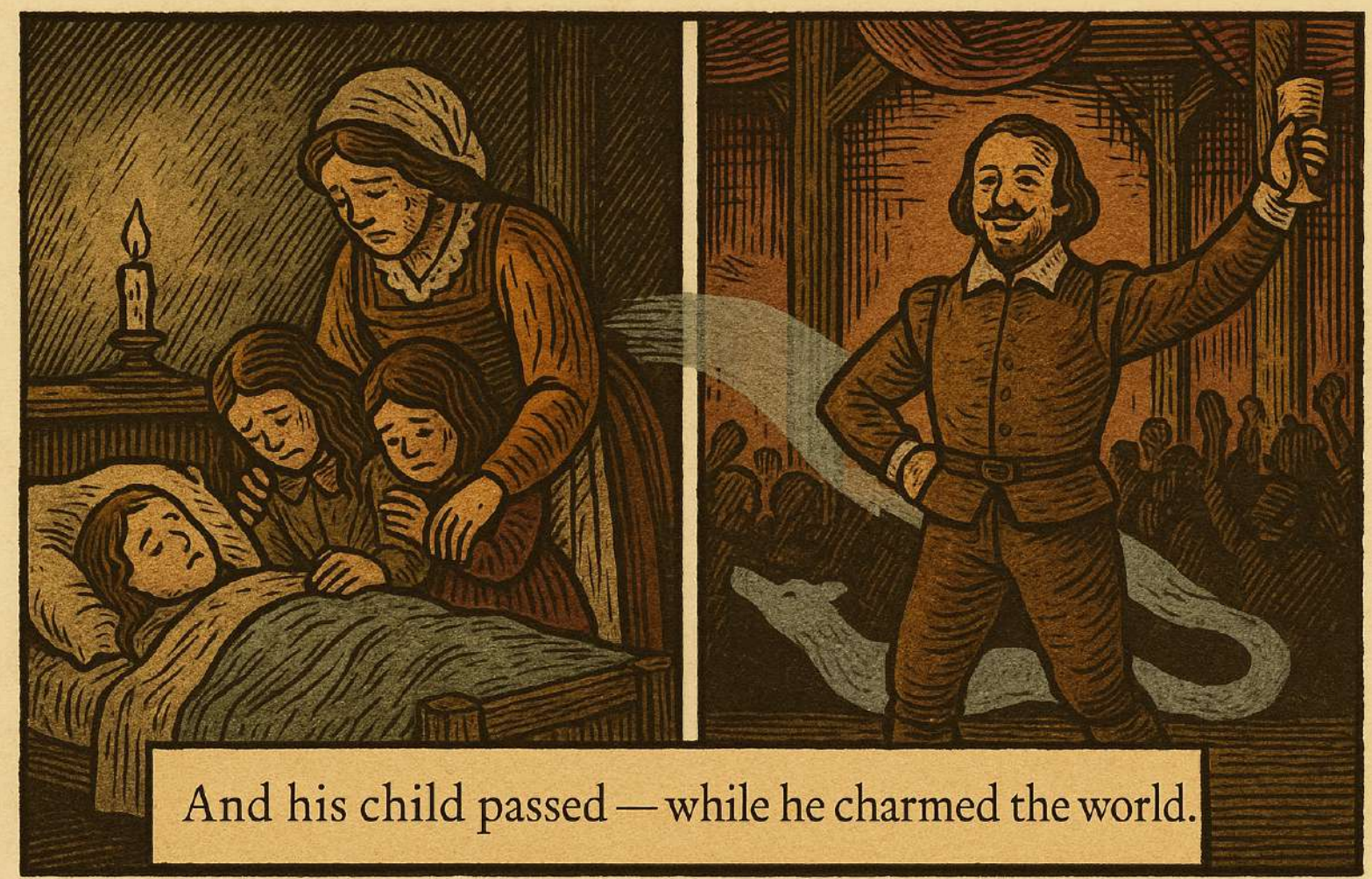
His grief turned to anger, arguments raged, the boy longed to control things.


In rage and pride, the boy sought a new story.
He asked to be the author of the play.

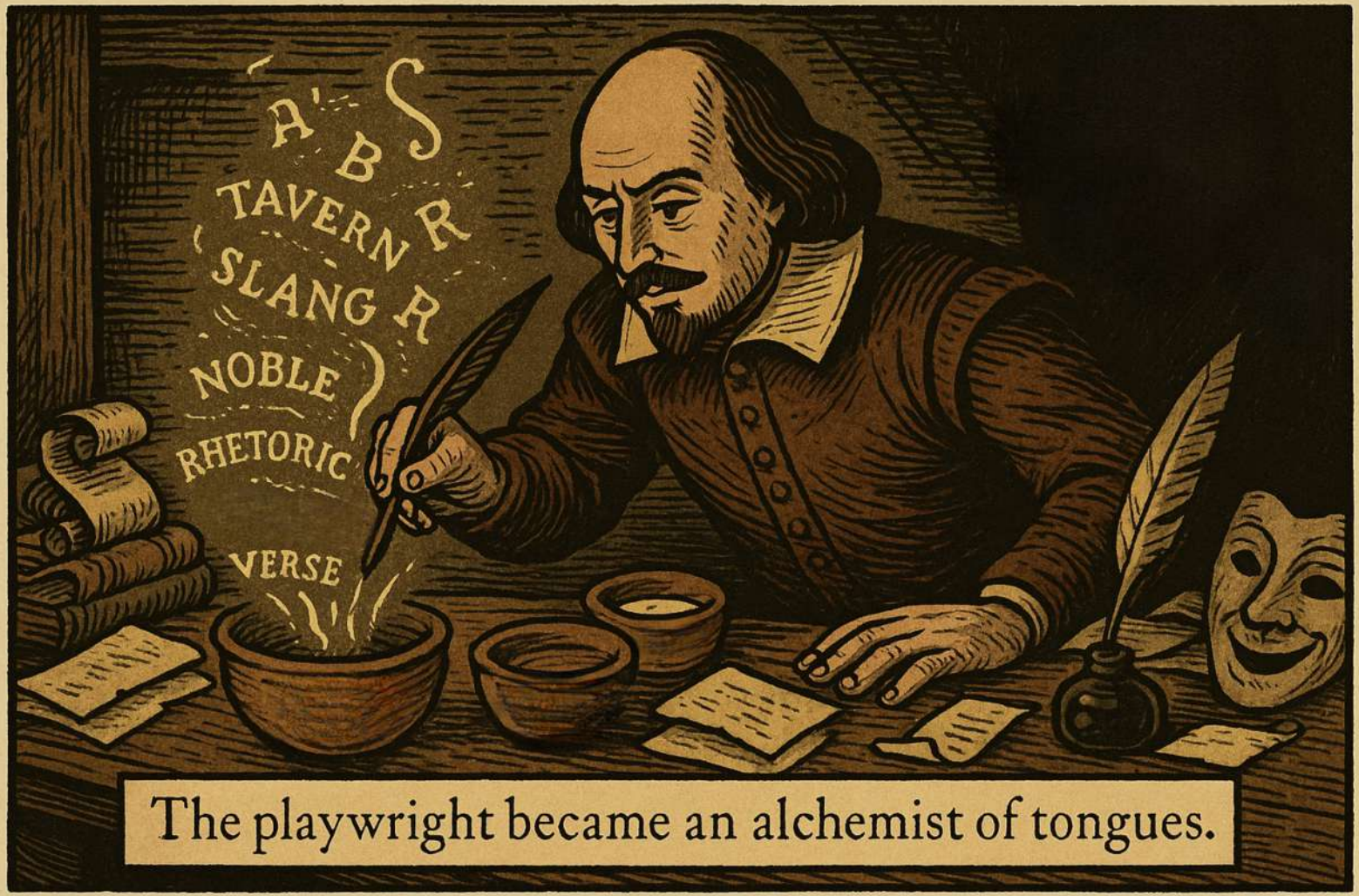

Out of charm and desperation, he married quickly—and went astray.



In marriage, the boy repeated his father's cycle:
hustling abroad, while his wife kept the nest.

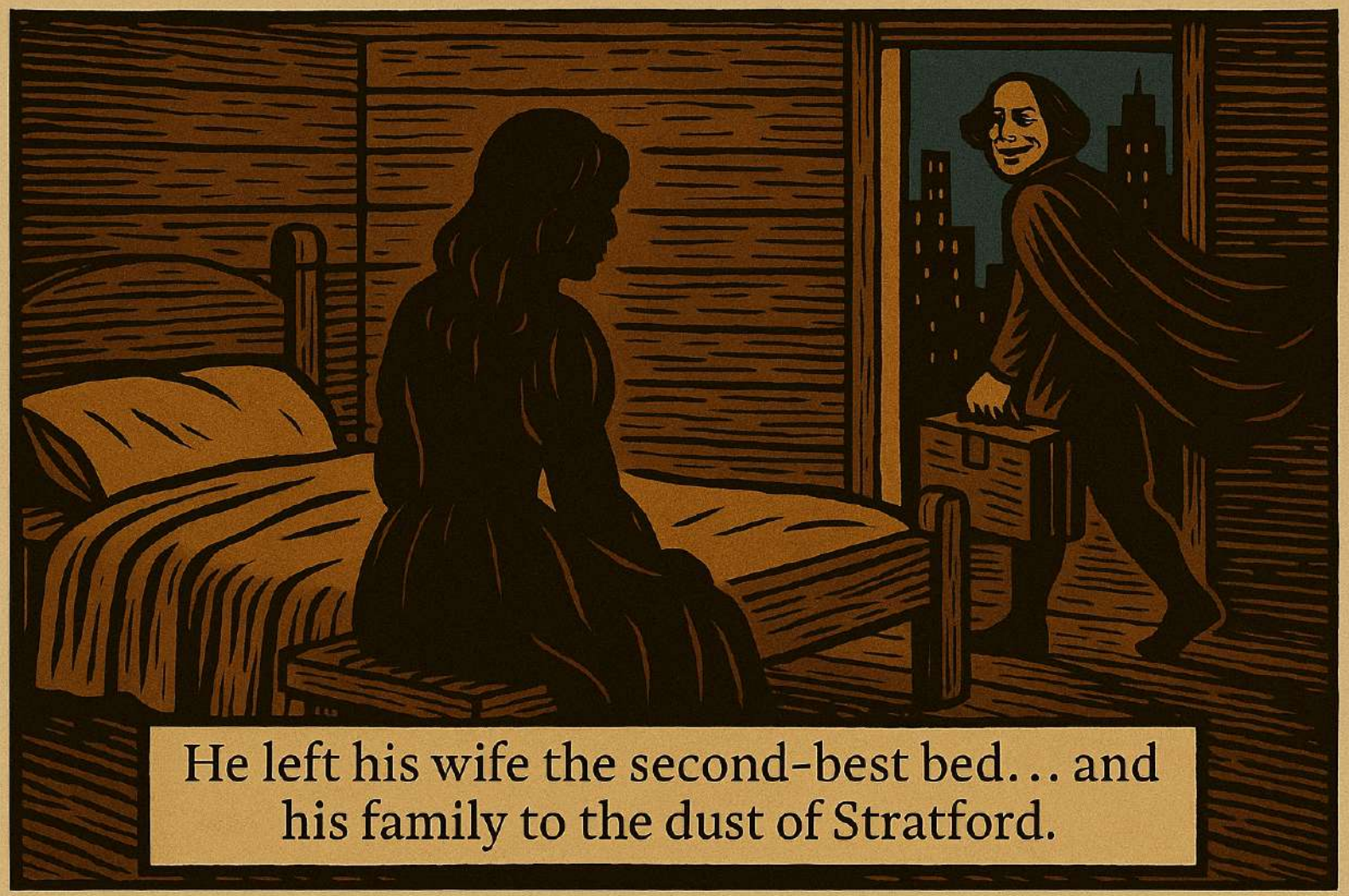

And his child passed — while he charmed the world.

But the playwright sought to be the Author. Grief became shows, and life itself was staged as a play.


A
B
S
TAVERN
R
SLANG
R
NOBLE
RHETORIC
VERSE
The playwright became an alchemist of tongues.

He stitched the noble's mask to the peasant's slang,
and the stage roared with laughter.

...and then came an Invitation — from the clown-king of a new kingdom.


He left his wife the second-best bed… and
his family to the dust of Stratford.

The playwright had made it to Gotham City.

The clown-king made his offer: not stage plays, but films.
He asked the playwright to become Gotham's great director.

They gave him a new suit and new haircut.

The Joker hated his clean look.
He added his own charm—

And thus, the playwright was crowned —
The Mad Hatter of Gotham.